

Johnson-Jinkson

JOHNSON-JINKSON 4138 51B1

Troy Cambron Arvin, 1940

Johnson he was rid lug along As fast as he could ride He thought he heard a woman He
heard a woman cry.

Johnson getting off his horse And searching, looked all around Until he came to a woman
With her hair pinned to the ground.

Woman, dearest woman Who has brought you here for sin Who has brought you here this
morning With your hair pinned to the ground.

It were three bold and struggling men With swords keen and hand Who have brought me
here this morning With my hair pinned to the ground.

Johnson bein' a man of his own And bein' a man and bold He put off his overcoat To hug
her from the cold.

Johnson getting on his horse And the woman getting on behind Long this lonesome
highway rode Fortune was for to find.

They were riding all along As fast as they could ride She drew her fingers to her ears And
give three shivering cries.

Out sprung three bold and struggling men With sword keen in hand Who did commanded
Johnson Commanded him to stand.

I'll stop then, said Johnson I'll stand then, said he For I never worried in my life Afraid of any of three.

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Johnson killing two of them Not watching the woman behind While he was after the other one She stabbed him from behind.

The day was free and the a market day And the people all passing by Who did swa see this awful murder And saw poor Johnson die.